

CHICKEN-HEAD RECORDS ZiNE



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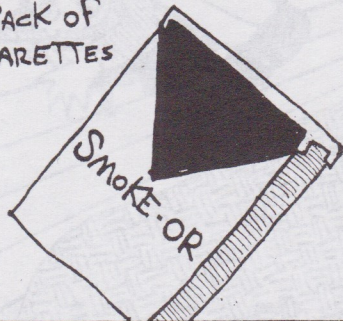
★ GERM



AD RATES: \$20⁰⁰ 1/4 PAGE \$40⁰⁰ 1/2 PAGE \$80⁰⁰ FULL PAGE MAKE CHECKS OUT TO PAUL de VALERA

RANDOM OBJECTS HURLED AT
ME BY CARS WHILE I WAS
RIDING MY BIKE:

- GIANT ASHTRAY SHAPED LIKE
A PACK OF
CIGARETTES



McDONALD'S SOFTDRINK



(SUPER SIZE)

A FIST.



KEEP RIDIN'!

PFD '04



Have you noticed lately that you can't eat or drink anything without some doofus making some comment about how it's bad for you? I told someone that I liked blue cheese and could eat it like any other cheese, you know, in mass quantities. And so here they go; "Oh you'll get gout!" I often, due to my appearance, get offered weed. Contrary to what people may think, I've never touched the stuff, it's for hippies. That not withstanding, after telling Joe blow number 412 that I did not imbibe in the hippie smoke, but did enjoy a coffee now and again, he blurted out, "You'll get colon cancer." Fucking great. If all of this was true, then you and I would've been dead a long time ago. I'm just sick of these food Nazis going around trying to make everybody feel bad about what they eat. When someone tells you that eating the Tommy burger is bad, tell them that's it's good. It's good because it gives you pleasure, and being happy is also a big part of being healthy. One of my friends would constantly chide me for my diet. He saw our Chicken-Head T-shirt that says "Label, Resource, Zine, Bicycles, & Chili Fries" on it and said, "See..." Pointing to the words Chili Fries in a fearful way. Not two minutes later he was telling me how he did way too much coke over the weekend! Too much coke? So even with hard drugs there are limits, but when it comes to a burger and fries, one bite equals a death sentence. I think that people in general are programmed to be afraid and are not happy for the most part. If someone sees you obviously enjoying something, then they can't help but plant that seed of fear and doubt in your head, because they want to make you just as miserable as they are. Fuck that.

Another thing that I don't like is the "science" of psychology. Modern psychology and psychologists are the snake oil salesmen of the new millennium. The entire industry of making people feel better about themselves is a masterstroke of a good ad campaign. First people are led to believe that they have problems that cannot be easily solved; they require outside help. Why did everyone seem to have all of these problems all of a sudden? Gobbles said it best: "If you lie to the people often enough, they will believe anything" (well I think that's the quote, I may be wrong). This "help" consists of talking about your problems to some stranger with a clipboard. They make some notes and suggestions, and then you leave feeling better about yourself. It works! No, it doesn't. Maybe people that go to these scumbags have no friends that they can discuss things with. Or perhaps paying \$100 +

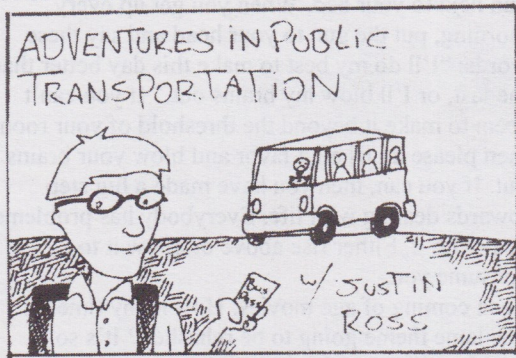
dollars an hour is the impetus to get things sorted out. Your average bartender is better at listening and solving problems than most of these head shrinkers are, and they are available for only the cost of a few drinks. I have a solution for those that can't seem to make it through the day: Put a loaded gun next to your bed. When you get up every morning, put the gun to your head and say these words: "I'll do my best to make this day better than the last, or I'll blow my brains out." If you can't seem to make it beyond the threshold of your room, then please do us all a favor and blow your brains out. If you can, then you have made a big step towards dealing with life. Everybody has problems, deal with it. Either rise above or allow it to consume you.

Teen coming of age movies: How many times is this lame theme going to be rehashed? It's so exciting! We're going to be adults now! We did dumb ass drugs, we drank some stupid beer, we got laid, that's some exciting shit let me tell you. Now we're going to move on and be adults. All I can say about that is Y A W N. It's not like we're insects and go from a larvae to pupa stage. High school was gay, the people there sucked ass, otherwise you'd still talk to them. I can't understand why people think that the transition from a high schooler to an adult is such a magical time. All the lame ass gossip and social games people play in high school disappear as soon as you get your diploma. Then you get to move on to the real adventure of life.

You know, punching the clock, loveless marriages, ungrateful kids, mortgages, heat failure, male pattern baldness, the fun stuff. If you're a teenager, go die. Being a kid sucks, therefore kids suck. And if you don't agree with me, go to hell.

Another thing that I don't like is these people, you've seen them around: dyed black hair, quasi-punk attire with copious amounts of skulls, Jolly Rogers, and other stuff that says, "I like death." Nothing could be further from the truth. I went to a show and these two skinheads got into a fight. They're friends, but this is what skinheads do you know, get into fights. This happened right next to me, I just stepped over a few feet and watched the fun. I'm not into "unity" that's a bunch of romantic mental diarrhea. And like I said, skinheads like to fight so they seem to be having a good time rolling around on the floor in beer and spit. While this happens all of the "death people" plaster themselves against the nearest wall or go outside. One of my friends told me of some of these "death people" that he saw all freaked out because they just saw a dead body on the street. Now, if you're going around looking like you could strangle your own grandmother and chew bubble gum at the same time, you should at least act the part. This shit is lame, and if you think that you may fall into this category, you're a lame ass as well. I've had conversations with the "death people" about adventures on my uncle's farm beheading chickens and de-horning cattle, and they were all looking at me in a state of shock. Most of the time we have this little scenario occur while we're having a BBQ. Since we're knee deep in carnage, I like to discuss

carnage. Without fail, these people are shocked and offended by what I say, but then when it comes time to serve up the meat they're the first in line. On a similar note, anyone wearing anything that says "Von Dutch" on it should be shot.
P. de Valera.



"Riders On the Storm"

I'm sitting on a folding chair outside of our room, 101; waiting for the meeting to begin. Yeah, I belong to a support group. When I first started coming, I felt ashamed and tried to hide it – even from those who love me most. Most of us don't have a lot of family here, but what we're lacking, we've found in one another. Wait! No. It isn't what you think. I'm not an alcoholic (yet). Wish I were... that would be cake compared to this. I am a token-carrying member of B.R.A. You know, Bus Riders Anonymous, the sister group of B.R.U. (that's Bus Riders United). I am Justin Ross, and I use public transportation. God it feels good to let it out; tell someone. Thank you for being here; lending an ear to a man desperate for help (and a car). My leader always says, paraphrasing the Good Book I think, "Tis best to share your experiences with others, so they may learn and you may heal." My mother calls that gossip, but potato, potato, right? Well, I have finally taken his advice (he is so very wise in his twenty four years), which brings me to my tale. Truth be told, it was difficult choosing just one: there's the time my neighbor fell asleep while riding and spilled coffee all over my shoes, or the guy who ate sunflower seeds that had been there since the Jurassic period off of the backseat, but those are for another time. This story takes place many years ago in a place called, The City of Angels. Only the best parts are true: I was standing on the corner, waiting, fare in one hand; the other covering my mouth from the horrid stench, the origin of which I would rather not share, when I saw him: all 110 lbs. of him that is. He, the inspiration for "Jack Sprat who could eat no fat" got on the Steel Beast before I did and secured a window perch with a lovely view of the war zone known as Corazon del Diablo (the Heart of the Devil) – at least that's how I refer to that area of Northridge. We were packed in there tighter than Bush's butt cheeks that oppressively hot morning and the only possible seat available: the one beside rail-thin ole "Jack." So of course that's where She sat. I swear the entire bus leaned left when She finally plopped down. I mean, this was the largest African American woman I had ever seen – so big in fact that She used a cane to balance the weight.

You could've fit twelve of me under her flower-patterned tent covering (you cannot really call it a dress). These two were the Odd Couple and seeing them together, I smiled for the first time that day. The endurance test went on; more people came on than off when "Jack" pulled the chord requesting a stop. By some queer (not "Queer As Folk," queer like odd) stroke of Fate, it just happened to be Hers as well, imagine that. The bus came to halt with a sssshhhh and the doors to the outside world opened. I think the driver knew he would be waiting awhile for Her to exit, so he kind of folded his arms in an "I might as well take a nap" gesture. "Jack" took a slightly different approach: he became so impatient as She began lumbering out of Her chair that he actually CLIMBED on top of her and CRAWLED over her to get into the aisle! That did it for Her: a rocket went off underneath the chair and She jumped out of it in a flash, yelling, "Mutha' fucka'! Ya stepped on my goddamned foot!!!" as he scrambled through innocent bystanders towards the double doors, and freedom. He looked back once before stepping off, and I have never seen someone so afraid for their life. By that time, She had managed to get towards the front, all the while waving Her cane above her head and screaming while Her fellow passengers parted like the Red Sea. After all, you don't stand in the way of a locomotive unless you have a death wish. "I am gonna' kick your ass (this last word drawn out over three separate but distinct syllables) you white-trash piece of shit!!!" were Her departing words. I watched the Woman run (yes, reader, She RAN) after him as we pulled away; my Caucasian brother praying She would never catch up. God help him if She did – I can only imagine that scene. My money's definitely on Aunt Jemima. No, reader, that is not a racist comment; rather it is a literary analogy used so that you may better picture this all-too-real-life character. Well, I don't know about you, but I feel better. Those of you who use public transportation remember: you are not alone. There is support. There is help. Thank you for listening and if you see a nice, 20-something white boy in glasses making his way on the MTA, say "Hello;" can't speak for the other passengers but, I don't bite. I do however wear my B.R.A. proudly.



Stop or I'll call LAPD!
Who knows what cheese by products lurk in the stomachs of mortal men? The wizard knows. I have beheld when worlds collide (I rented it). I have seen The Fungi From Yuggoth (do people still not know

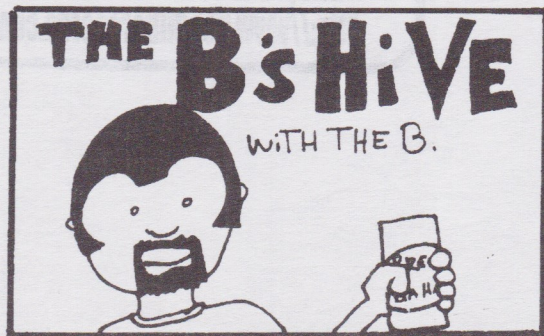
who H.P. Lovecraft was?). I know the members of the Golden Dawn do (forget it, if you don't get the references by now, then you probably never will). What I still don't understand is, your world's never ending quest to deny its own hypocrisy.

One day, back when our governor was jumping on glass elevators, at the Sherman Oaks Galleria, I was sliding down the black part of the escalator on my butt. Without warning, I was threatened by mall security. Five-o chased me and shouted, "Stop or I'll call LAPidy (That is the L.A.P.D.; his Engrish weren't good). Over time it hit me that maybe I should become a cop.

Have you ever been bullied in school? Towel snapped in the locker room? Gotten a swirlie? A Melvin? Ever been the victim of a Three o' Clock High beat down? Have you ever rolled a 20-sided die to attack? If you are at least 18 yrs old, can become easily corrupted, and good at racial profiling, then you too can join LAPidy. I know your first thoughts: Who wants to be a pig? A Bobbie? A sell-out? Don't believe the hype. You just aren't thinking of all the benefits.

You too could be livin' la Grand Theft Auto Vida Loca. Let me take your imagination there. If you become a cop, then you could drive through all the red lights, chase and crash cars, and shoot at people. If you joined Lapidid, then you could get free hookers and doughnuts. On top of all that, you would be the pillar of the community set to retire in beautiful Simi Valley. The best part is that if any of your old friends call you a sell-out, then you can arrest them and make them call their rich parents to bail them out of jail (who's the sell-out now punk?). Who needs them anyway? With your new "friends," you can have so much more fun: like beating people blue till they shit their pants. Now that's a good time for all.

So has society treated you so badly that you would love to inflict some damage? Do you feel that you really have something to give back to your community, to the neighborhood, just not your own? Just because you cried in your room when bigger bullies put gum in your hair. Just because you were scared and faked a fever to avoid school. Just because you wished all the bullies would go away. Now is your chance for revenge. You have become God with a gun. This does not make you a hypocrite or a bully. You are just "protecting" society, thereby insuring others will become as righteous as you are and follow in your footsteps.



Hey y'all. It's The B again and this one's called "Ding Dong The Gip Is Dead! Which Old Gip? The Wicked Gip!" This time around, I was having

trouble coming up with a topic for my hive, but then something great happened-Reagan died. After hearing this, I felt elation, and I knew I had my topic. I mean, Reagan was one of the vilest motherfuckers of the 20th century, if not all time. It's real easy to forget how bad someone really was when they become old, befuddled, or dead, but I and those of us who grew up in the 80's during the just say nein, Jellybelly, Reaganomics, Iran Contra, Reagan years don't forget too easily. It seems though, that some people don't remember the terror the Reagan Reich caused during those eight years, or maybe they just don't care. Well I do! To me, Ronald Reagan was an embarrassment in the same vein as Nixon. Reagan was the president of the elite, by the elite, and for the elite. He couldn't give two shits about anyone else. He took care of his own when he was president and said, "fuck you!" to the working men and women of this nation. And now, that old Nazi jellybean is getting a hero's funeral. My question to this situation is why? I mean, we don't make a big fuss over Benedict Arnold's birth and passing and he's famous for the same thing Reagan is: selling out our country. Reagan was a traitor to the U.S.A. The Iran Contra Scandal proved that, yet now we are supposed to remember the good this monster did, and forget the bad. Fuck that! You can say good things about Hitler too, after all, he did "shower" his dog with love and affection, and he didn't drink, and he watched what he ate, but for some reason that's not why we remember him today. I know you're probably saying, "this guy's crazy comparing Reagan to Hitler," but let me tell you brother (Hulk Hogan inflection), Reagan may not have killed as many people as Hitler (we'll never know), but they were definitely cut from the same cloth. Here's my reasoning why: first, a lot of people may not know that good old Ronald McReagan was once president of the Screen Actor's Guild (S.A.G.). During his tenure as president of S.A.G., he informed on the influence of communism in the motion picture industry. This translated into Reagan informing and implicating people who thought that they were his friends and peers in so called Communist activities. These people probably gave that chimp hugging bastard work, when all the while unbeknownst to them. Reagan informed the government on any "Un-American" activities he believed them to be guilty of. This resulted in people not getting work, and in some cases, people being kicked out of the country. What a nice guy huh? Wait, there's more! Second, Reagan whilst Governor of California was notorious for ordering the National Guard to be present at many California university campuses during peaceful protests. It is alarming how many of these protests turned violent due to Reagan's intolerant guardsmen. I bet they were ordered to break heads, because many times, that's just what they did. The scary thing about these protests was that after the violence would break out, the conservative media would turn the blame on the protestors. The news would report about how the protestors attacked the cops or the guard no matter how many eyewitness accounts told that the reverse

was true. With the police and National Guard given carte blanche, they were allowed to bring down "justice" with a free and heavy hand. The media wasn't about to go against the Governor. This was because Reagan no doubt had long ties to many media agencies. After all, he (the S.A.G. guy one) was a big muckety muck in the film industry. Finally, let's recall Regan's reign as Fhurer, I mean president. The Reagan supremacy, I mean presidency, marked a return to a "simpler times" philosophy ala the 1950's. You know a simpler era, the era that Reagan reminisced about. An era where Blacks knew their place, and where Jews were the enemy, and lastly, where creativity meant Communist. This was the mentality of the Regan Regime, otherwise known as the Grand Old Party, and unfortunately, I believe it still is. During Reagan's 8-year war against the people of the U.S.A., we saw our president sell weapons to our enemies. These weapons would later be used to kill American soldiers and citizens. Reaganomics made sure the rich got richer and the middle class and poor got fucked. Reagan got walls to come down in Berlin, and made sure they were duly erected here in our own country's suburbs and urban cities. But in my opinion, I believe that the most infamous thing that Reagan was responsible for was pushing crack cocaine into America's ghettos. The "funny" thing about that was that the whole time Reagan had his shaky, greedy hand in the crack cookie jar, his wife Nancy (bride of Reaganstein) was saying "JUST SAY NO!" That's ironic, I mean, the whole time she was saying that, her husband was profiting from the sale of the drugs Nancy fought so hard to keep people off of (yeah right). I don't have the time to recant all the evils Reagan perpetrated against the peoples of the world, but if you didn't suffer through them and you're interested in finding out about more of the numerous atrocities he committed, you can either look up the info on the Internet (Copyright: Al Gore) or go to the library. I suggest though, you do a little unorthodox research instead. Pick up almost any punk album from the Reagan era and give a listen to the lyrics. Two of the most notable songs I can mention are: I Shot Reagan by Suicidal Tendencies and Reagan's Our Fhurer by DI. Also, you can pick up any Dead Kennedy's album to fully understand the reactionary anger there was to the injustice of our existence under the Reagan clan. These albums and others of their ilk were my escape from the terrible reality of possible nuclear war under that sadistic, fatherly liverspot with his hand on the button. In closing, I want to go on record as saying "Regan is dead, hurray! Why should I mourn the passing of a despotic tyrant? That bastard has a freeway named after him, yet he stood against the true "free way." He has a library named after him (I wonder if the books in that library have no words in them. After all, Reagan had only a few words to say when asked to defend his implication in the Iran Contra Scandal-I don't recall that. And being that he died from Alzheimer's, wouldn't it be appropriate then if all the books in that library suddenly forgot their words?). This man was a terrorist, yet we are

naming airports and high schools after him. They have displayed his coffin at the Simi Valley Library. I found this to be appropriate as that place is as intolerant as he was. And being that it is a bastion of White Flight Phenomena, it seems fitting. Oh well, I 'm glad he's dead, but in reality it is a hollow victory. I mean, he is no longer around to plague the living, but I'm an atheist, so since I don't believe in Heaven, or in this case Hell, I can't be satisfied that Reagan's eternal soul is paying for his crimes. I have to admit though just that thought alone warms my heart. I only wish it were possible, well, at least in this case. Later, democra-B not just us for all



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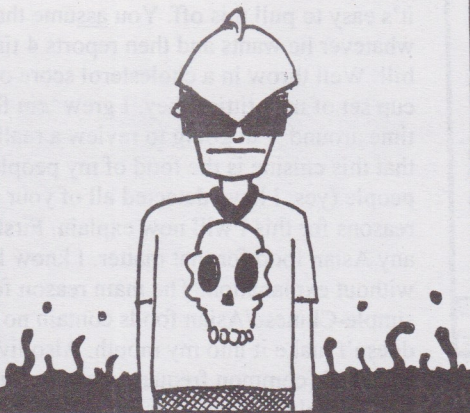
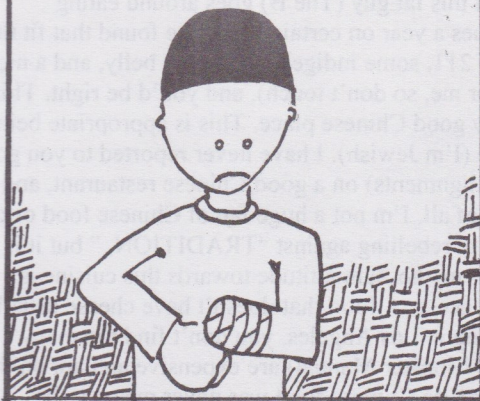
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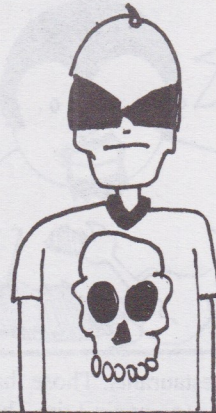
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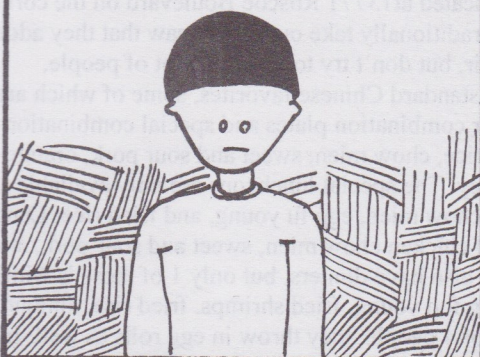
BICYCLE RONIN PART III



SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. HE KILLED EVERYONE BUT YOU?



YES...



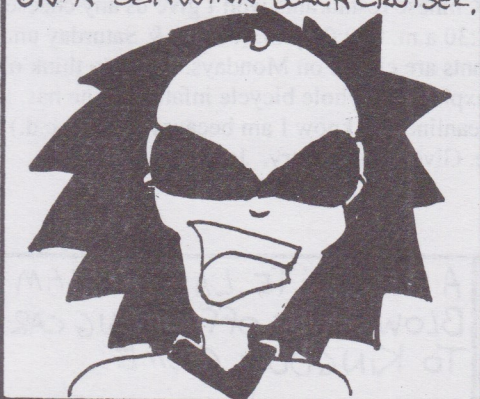
ALL 10 OF YOU?



AND HE OUT-RODE YOU ALL AS WELL...



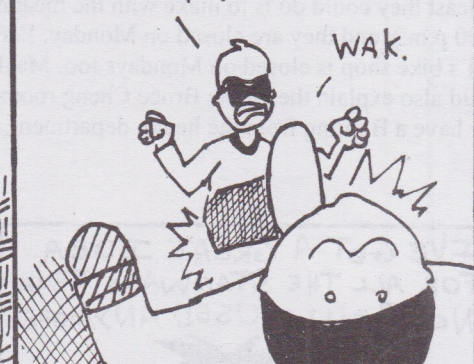
ON A SCHWINN BEACH CRUISER!



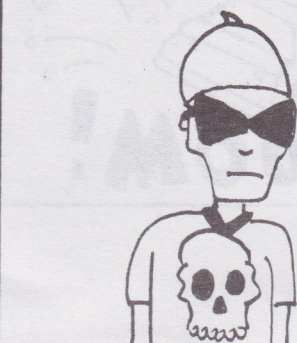
BUT SIR...



ENOUGH!



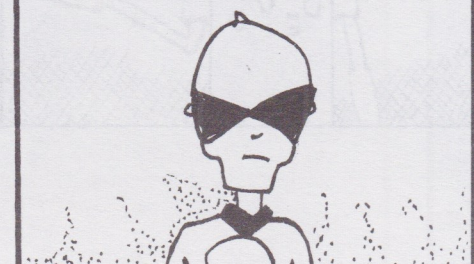
PERHAPS I'VE UNDERESTIMATED THIS RONIN....



AESOP



I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU

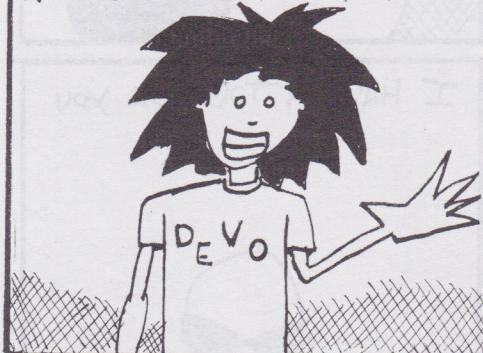




Strap on your feedbags, because it is time for another installment of culinary Kung Fu on a budget. Yes, it is I, the legendary Ghetto Gourmet here to tell you of another one of my Fatkin's Diet adventures. Now I know a lot of you people out there probably think that it's easy to pull this off. You assume that this fat guy (The B) goes around eating whatever he wants and then reports 4 times a year on certain places he found that fit the bill. Well throw in a cholesterol score of 211, some indigestion, a beer belly, and a nice cup set of man titties (hey, I grew 'em for me, so don't touch), and you'd be right. This time around, I'm going to review a really good Chinese place. This is appropriate being that this cuisine is the food of my people (I'm Jewish). I have never reported to you good people (yes, I have detected all of your alignments) on a good Chinese restaurant, and the reasons for this I will now explain. First of all, I'm not a huge fan of Chinese food or of any Asian food for that matter. I know I'm rebelling against "TRADITION," but it is not without explanation. The main reason for my ho-hum attitude towards this cuisine is simple-Chinese/Asian foods contain no cheese. A food that doesn't have cheese usually doesn't make it into my mouth. Also living in Los Angeles, you don't find too many

good-Chinese restaurants. Those that are normally encountered (common frequency as per The Monster Manual) are expensive and are on the health conscious (no m.s.g.) tip. That goes against all the principles of true Chinese cuisine, because Chinese food was never meant to be expensive or healthy. It was meant to be inexpensive and flavorful (like when you're in New York walking down the street in Chinatown, and you get a huge box of noodles with pork, beef, chicken, and brown sauce for \$4). The flavorful part meaning full of monosodium glutamate (m.s.g.) M.s.g. is the flavor of Chinese food. If you don't believe me, find a good place, like the one I am about to reveal, and order some food. When you are done, put the leftovers all together on one plate. The next day (or next hour if you smoke pot like I do-hey, what can I say, I love my vaporizer) heat it up and eat it without looking at it. If you do this experiment, I'll bet you won't be able to tell the difference between the sweet and sour this from the mu shu that. Anyway, Chow's Chinese Kitchen (818) 894-4006 located at 13771 Roscoe Boulevard on the corner of Woodman, has been serving authentic Chinese cuisine since 1959. They have always been traditionally take out only. I saw that they added a couple of chairs and small tables so that people can eat a quick bite or have a bowl of soup their, but don't try to go with a lot of people, because there's just not enough room to really dine with a large party. The menu has all of the standard Chinese favorites, some of which are \$5.00 or less, and some which are not. Where Chow's is at its most ghettonomic though is their combination plates and special combination luncheons. The combination plate is \$4.20 and lets you choose 3 items from: steam rice, fried rice, chow mien, sweet and sour pork, orange chicken, beef/chicken broccoli, kung pao chicken, egg roll, egg fu young, and chicken chop suey. The special luncheons are only available from 11:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. There are 4 different ones: Lunch A (\$2.80), consists of chicken chow mien, egg fu young, and fried rice; Lunch B (\$3.10), consists of chicken chow mien, egg roll, and fried rice; Lunch C (\$3.15), consists of chicken chow mien, sweet and sour pork, and fried rice; Lunch D (\$3.80), consists of chicken chow mien, fried shrimps, and fried rice. They also have dinners, but only 1 of these is within the ghettonomic limit of \$5.00 or less. It is Dinner #1 (\$4.70) it consists of pork chow mien, egg foo young, fried shrimps, fried rice, almond and fortune cookies. If you order for 3 people, they throw in fried won tons, and if you order for 4 people, they throw in egg rolls as well. In closing, I will tell you that Chow's is for those of you who enjoy real Chinese food. They have my favorite egg rolls. They're awesome! They're the big, crinkly, pork and cabbage laden, deep-fried egg rolls. I hate those thin, lightly fried, vegetarian "spring rolls" so many Chinese places try to pass off as egg rolls. Egg rolls should always contain some sort of meat, after all, Chinese restaurants won't give us any cheese, so the least they could do is to make with the meat as Chow's does. Chow's is open daily from 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. (Friday & Saturday until 10:00 p.m.), and they are closed on Monday. For some reason many authentic Chinese restaurants are closed on Mondays. Come to think of it, Paul's bike shop is closed on Mondays too. Maybe Paul is actually Chinese. That would sure explain the whole bicycle infatuation he has. It would also explain the whole Bruce Cheng roommate thing. Anyway, for those interested in cleanliness (I know I am because of my o.c.d.) they have a B rating from the health department, and B-ing that I'm The B, that B fine with me. Give Chow's a try. Joi gin, The B

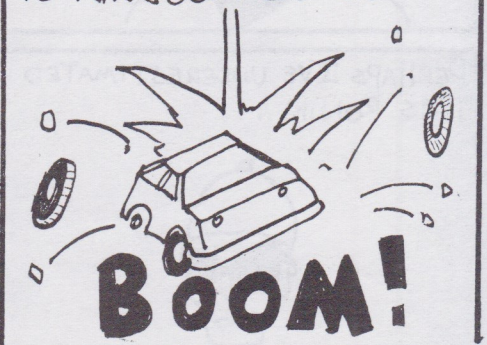
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I CAN'T COME IN
TO WORK TODAY...
I HAVE MIDGETS

MY PRIEST
FUCKED YOUR
HONOR STUDENT

PUNK ROCK. IT'S
NOT JUST FOR RICH
KIDS ANYMORE!

PRAYING IS
BEGGING

BIG EXHAUST,
LITTLE PRICK

JESUS ONCE SAID,
"OW MY HANDS!"

CANADA...
WHY?

OF COURSE
JESUS SAVES...
HE'S JEWISH!

YOU DRIVE LIKE
AN ASSHOLE
AND SO DO I

REVENGE

JESUS
HATES
YOU

New
American
Terrorist
Organization

MIDGETS...
NOW MORE
THAN EVER

DOES THE CONSTITUTION
REALLY PROTECT OUR
RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH?

STOP HONKING
YOU'LL WAKE THE
GUY IN MY TRUNK

GERBILIFE
ASK RICHARD
GERE HOW!

GET OFF THE PHONE
AND CRASH ALREADY

IF YOU'RE GONNA
RIDE MY ASS AT LEAST
BUY ME DINNER FIRST

SHAVED VAGINA
FOR A BETTER
TOMORROW!

SAVE THE VEGETABLES
EAT THE RETARDS

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KUNG-FU CHICKEN



YOU GET: CHR-005 KFC FULL LENGTH CD)
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IN A RANDOM SURPRISE GOODIE! YEAH!

WHAT DID YOU GET?

CHILI, FRIES, WHAT

DID YOU GET?

I GOT 2 LEG
FROM A G.I. JOE
DOLL.



The Suburban Terrorist

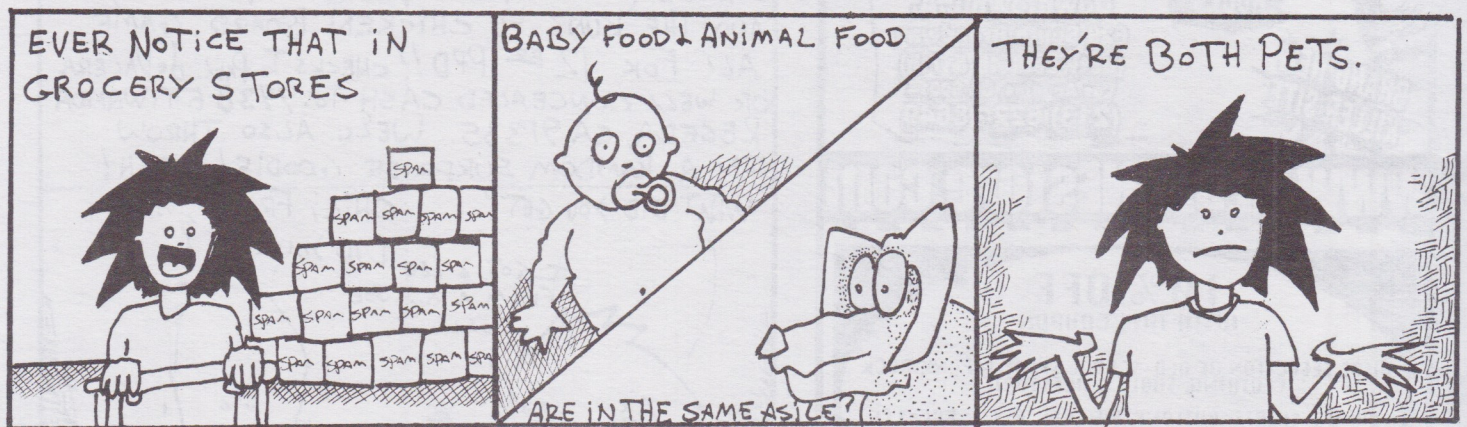


Mailroom mayhem is the theme of this installation of the Suburban Terrorist. Let's start by throwing a monkey wrench in the works. There are many things an individual can do to foul up the works at your local post office. Letters that are of an irregular shape are a good, yet subtle way of slowing down production. A letter shaped like a triangle for instance cannot go through the normal machinery that sorts mail. It has to be separated from the bulk of the letters sent and dealt with on it's own. I don't know if the post office has a special department to deal with goofy letters, regardless it will cause trouble. Packages that are skinny on one end and fat on the other are bound to bring smiles to the weary faces of your local postal worker. They don't stack well; they may even charge you extra for an unusual shaped box, just so you know. If you're out to get your local mailman, you can leave a lot of

mail or heavy packages at your door for them to pick up. This way they have to lug your cumbersome parcel many blocks. Not fun. With 9-11 scaremongers milking it for all it's worth, anything that looks remotely bomb-like will be given a wide birth. If you go into your local postal orifice, you may see a poster telling you about the telltale signs of a bomb in a package. Packages that are wet or leaky, have excessive postage, or are addressed to "John Smith", and have no return address will be suspect. You can also have some loose metal bits in your parcel or a trace of some flour to put your neighborhood postal workers in a state of fear and confusion. You could always take the obvious route and label your package as "explosive device" or "bomb parts," it may work, who knows? Of course you may wind up in jail for such shenanigans, but we figured you knew that already. If all this wasn't enough for you, one can always fuck up other people's mail too. Walk down the street and start taking out other people's mail and then put it in someone else's box. Take old motor oil, dead animals, dog poo, and put it in the local mailbox. The pick up times are right on the box, so you can sit back in a secluded spot and watch the fun.

Tired of paying for postage? Here are a few tricks you can do to avoid that big 37 cents. No postage, but put where you want it to go as the *return* address. This way, the post office will send it back to the sender, which is actually where you wanted it to go in the first place. The other trick is good if you're sending a lot of letters back and forth to the same person or group of people. When you use a stamp, cover it and about 1/4 inch around it with white glue. The glue will dry clear, when your friend gets it, they can wipe the postal mark off the stamp, as the glue keeps it from bonding to the stamp. Simply cut it out of the envelope it came on and glue it to another one, repeat for effect. One can make a book of stamps last for a long time with this method, and it will go undetected due to the high volume of letters that the post office delivers every day.

The last bit is using the post office to drive your enemies crazy. Go to an adult bookstore or anywhere where you can get lots of raunchy porno mags. Pull the subscriptions out of them and fill them out. On many you can get a "bill me later" option so your out of pocket expenses will be small. Put your target's address on them. Sign him/her up for all sorts of mailings. Once their name gets on a few, they will wind up in a information data base so their mail box will be stuffed every day with all sorts of junk mail. If this is not enough, you can always send important people threatening letters and use your target's address so they'll come looking for them. Let em' try and explain that away while their mailbox is full of gay porn and White Supremacist newsletters.



It's White Power Record Review Time!

Besides killing Jews, the master race wants to sing songs as well while clad in their lederhosen doing the chicken dance. We've managed to compile some the leaders of the white races musical diarrhea and give them the attention they deserve. We're rating these bands in a scale of 1-5 Hitlers for the music and 1-5 Klansmen hoods for the racist lyrics. The B does Ask a Jew and he rates these records in bagels. So grab your hoods and your lederhosen and get ready for a good time!



Intimidation One: Call to Warriors, Frontline Records PO Box 33160 Portland OR 33160

Mid tempo Oi that is as about as exciting as a white power rally at CSUN. Overall the music was pretty lame, and generic. This band gets three hoods for lyrical content for the frequent use of the words "White Power". Joyous.



Ask the Jew: The music on this one is pretty typical un-energetic Oi. They do, however, have a song called "Blood & Bagels." That's great! Although, I've never tried blood with bagels, but being a carnivore, it sounds good to me. I just wanna' know who this Wyatt Power guy is they keep mentioning-B



Final Solution: No Contact Information

This band smells. The white race can't afford a fucking guitar tuner? We gave them two Hitlers because their bad punk sound was like every bad punk band formed when you were 13. They use the words "Nigger" "White Power" and the ubiquitous

"Seig Heil" Such happy young lads.



Ask the Jew: The Reich will last 1000 years (divided by 100 that is). Thankfully though, this album will only last 20 minutes. Hey who the hell are Zeke and Kyle? They mention these guys' names a lot on this c.d. I just wish they told me who they are-B



Bound For Glory: Hate Train Rolling, BFG Productions PO Box 6773 East St. Paul, MN 55106

Instead of just practicing to goose steep and salute their dead leader they also seem to have learned to play their instruments along the way. This is Speed metal ala SOD. The

lyrics were not overtly racist but the decreeing ear could pick them out. Lukewarm at best.



Ask the Jew: This band is fucking metal. They are also racists. Those are 2 tastes that don't taste great together. They have a song about the hearty Germans fighting winter wars in Russia during World War 2. "By the way guys who won those battles in Russia?"-B



Skrewdriver: Boots and Braces & Voice of Britain:

www.panzerfaust.com

Really good old skool Oi. Too bad they're a bunch of racist retards. The lyrics ran the middle of the road of racist jibber jabber. Lots of

stuff about being a skinhead, yawn.



Ask the Jew: If not for the lyrics, this band would sound like any other Oi band of the mid 70's. They are very Blitz and Business sounding. For that I give 'em props. The music is good. As far as the lyrics go, they can kiss my ass. No British gobblehead has the right to endorse the Nazis. If you fuckin' limies wanted to suck German ass so bad, maybe you should have crawled up from the subways you hid in during World War 2 and surrendered to them. If you remember, you inbred bastards needed us

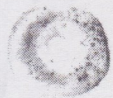
Americans to help you to keep the Germans from absorbing your wretched island. Americans (of all races and creeds) helped save your fish and chip eating asses-B



Racheakt: Schattenreich Clockwork Records PO box 3771 89027 ULM/Germany

This band is the Scorpions side project. Metal. Bad Metal. Bad 80's metal. The

cover is like a Stormbringer book cover; imagine a big sword and a pointy helmet. The lyrics are a 5 because it's all in German so we can't understand it.

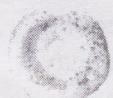


Ask the Jew: This band sounds to tired to kill Jews. They do sound like the Scorpions, and I know for a fact that the singer of the Scorpions is a Skinhead. Although, not by his choice. Rogaine is the homie-B



Nordic Thunder: Final Stand, Tri-State Terror, PO Box 928 Stroudsburg, PA 18360

This has Orange County written all over it. They could headline in the Aryan Nation version of the Warp Tour called the White Tour. If you like this sound then just go bye something from Epitaph Records.



Ask A Jew: This band sucked shit! The singer is dead now. So, at least one ignorant fuck has exited the planet. The thing I'm most pissed about with this band is that they do a cover of "Running Riot" by Cock Sparrer. I dig that band, and they're not Nazis, so I don't know why this band would choose to do one of their songs and make people wonder if Cock Sparrer shared the same views. They don't and never did-B

Win a Date With Bruce Cheng: A Retraction



So, if you've been following the Zine for a few issues, you'd have noticed a little 1/4 page ad for the "Win a Date With Bruce Cheng" contest. You may have thought that it was a silly thing, but we were very serious about the whole deal. You see, Bruce has no game. He can go into Toys "R" Us and they will only sell him "Sorry" or "UNO." I mean, we're geeks, and we get more play than this guy. He's not a bad looking guy, and he can be funny at times, and girls would try and get with him. In fact, he could have been quite the ladies man except for one factor: Bruce Cheng. He had the cards stacked against him so to speak from the beginning. He's a full-fledged Mormon, Asian, and from Orange County. He came from a social circle that would remind us of Jr. High to the 10th power. When he would meet a girl, he would ask us what to do. We'd say things like "be yourself," you know, common sense. Bruce would play these stupid games: waiting x amount of days to call back, acting disinterested, etc. Of course this would not work; we told him it would not work, he asked us why it would not work, we'd tell him, then he'd go do the same shit over and over again. Bruce always asked for advice but would heed none of it. After a

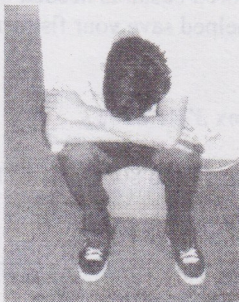
while, we'd just tell him to shut up and not bother us with this shit anymore. Bruce went around and around in circles with this crap. He had a better chance of getting struck by lightning than getting laid it seemed. He needed to get laid. His lack of sex was affecting all of us. His stress and anxiety were spilling over into our lives as well. The solution: "Win a Date With Bruce Cheng." Or so we thought.

Not including this issue, we've had over 20,000 win a date postings in the total number of issues. Of those 20,000 issues, we only ever got 2 letters, so that makes the ratio about 10,000 to 1 for Bruce to win a date via the contest. Still it was better than his personal odds, but still not all that good. The first letter granted him a date. He went out on this date and it seemed to go ok. He got no play though, and we had to review the girl's shitty band in the zine as well. I guess everybody has their motives. The second letter was from some girl that always grabs my ass when I'm at a show. I'm not going to get into that here, but Bruce never followed up on that one for other reasons.



One day Bruce comes in and says "guys, I'm bringing this girl over here and I think she wants to have sex with me." We looked a little stunned. "Really?" "Yes, she's coming over tonight." Bruce needed this; we needed this. The B and myself were right in the middle of folding issue #10 of the zine. I said, "If you need us to leave, we'll stop folding the zine and leave so you can hook up with this girl." I also told him, "don't be stupid, wear a rubber." We waited to see if it would happen. Would Bruce actually bring a girl in here? Amazingly this girl showed up. She looked like trouble: like some girl you'd see on the

cover of one of those Asian racing car magazines, you know, bad tattoos, too much make up, etc. But would I bother to say something moments before Bruce's triumph? Even if I did, he wouldn't listen anyways. So, we left. The B went home, and I went for a spin on my bike. The next day, Bruce woke up at the crack of noon, and he had this look on his face like he was just told he had cancer. "What's wrong Bruce?" I asked. "I fucked up, I fucked



up!" He said while holding his head in his hands. Bruce *never* swears, so I knew this was serious. So Bruce proceeded to tell me that she asked him not to wear a condom, and on top of that major blunder, he came inside of her. "God you're a fucking Idiot," I said. Bruce then went into his patented panic mode where he rolls around on the floor clutching his stupid skull like it's going to explode. He wants to be an actor, did I mention that? He's doing some Oscar wining shit now. Every day for the next month and a half he has the "cancer



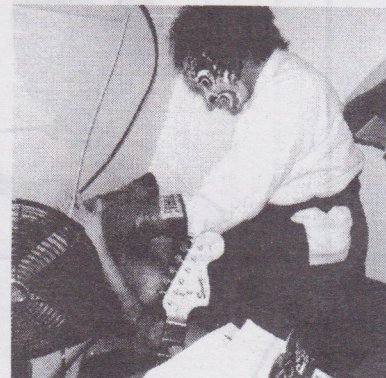
look" on his face. This look is broken up with fits of depression and wallowing around on the floor. Bruce had convinced himself that not only did he contract every form of VD known to man and some that aren't, but that he had gotten her pregnant as well. Bruce would roll around on the floor "I'm going to be a father!" "Aaarrggh!" It was not bad enough that we had to hear this crap on a day-to-day basis, but everybody that he came in contact with he would lay this shit on. He kept asking us for advice and, as you may have guessed, he listened to none of it. Bruce was looking for a magical solution; he



wanted an easy fix to his problems. Perhaps somewhere in his simian mind he thought that if he inflicted his woes upon everyone he met, someone would have an answer for him. A week of this was more than enough for us to shout at him to shut up. We were all getting pretty annoyed with his antics. 6 weeks of this crap was more than we could stand. Bruce got tested for VD. He came up negative. Still he thought he had something, "I have a blister!" He didn't. This went on and on as well. The chance of getting this girl pregnant and getting some disease was not too high. Everybody kept telling him that he was going to be fine. Nothing would stop Bruce's antics. Finally, I had enough. I told him if this girl's not pregnant by the 15th of May I was going to beat the living crap out of him. The 15th was about 1-½ months from the day they had sex, and thus long enough to know if she had her period or not. So as we guessed, she had her period. So on the morning of the 15th I donned my old Kendo outfit and put on a Kabuki mask I picked up from a thrift store. I also donned some boxing gloves. Bruce's room is so full of junk that I had to push in the door. He

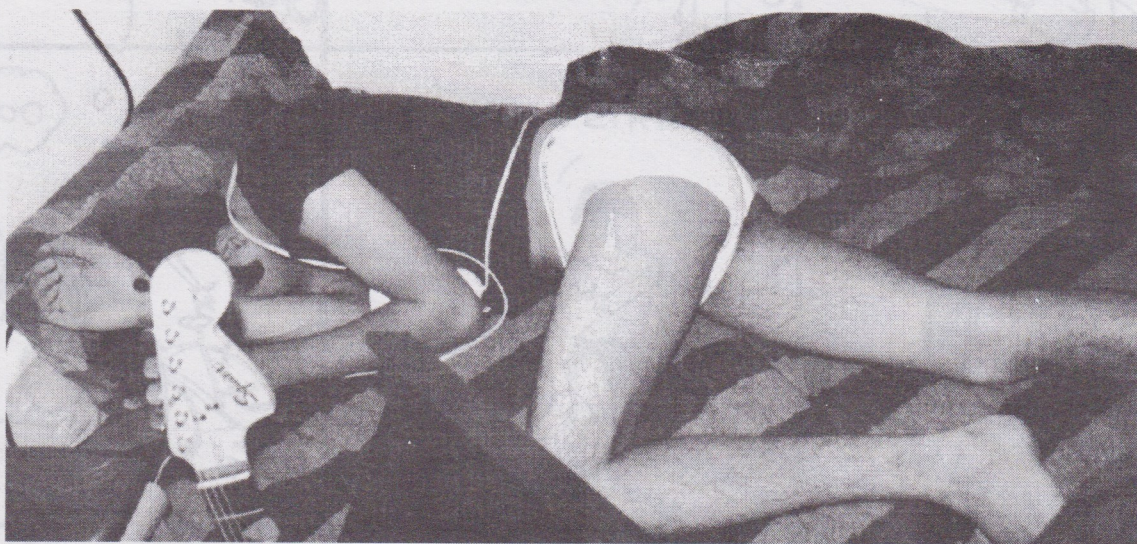


was in that twilight stage where sleep and consciousness were intermingling. His eyes began to focus and then he let out a cry of abject terror. "ooooooooHHH!" I jumped up on the bed and laid in a few shots. "AAAAAAHHH AAAAAHHH!" After a few good hits to his head, Bruce went into a fetal position and tried to protect his head. I was hitting him so hard that I made my hands sore through the boxing gloves. I was mad. I really wanted to kill this guy at the time, but I need him to help pay the rent. So, boxing gloves it was. The past month and a half of him torturing us with his blundering, stupid bullshit had



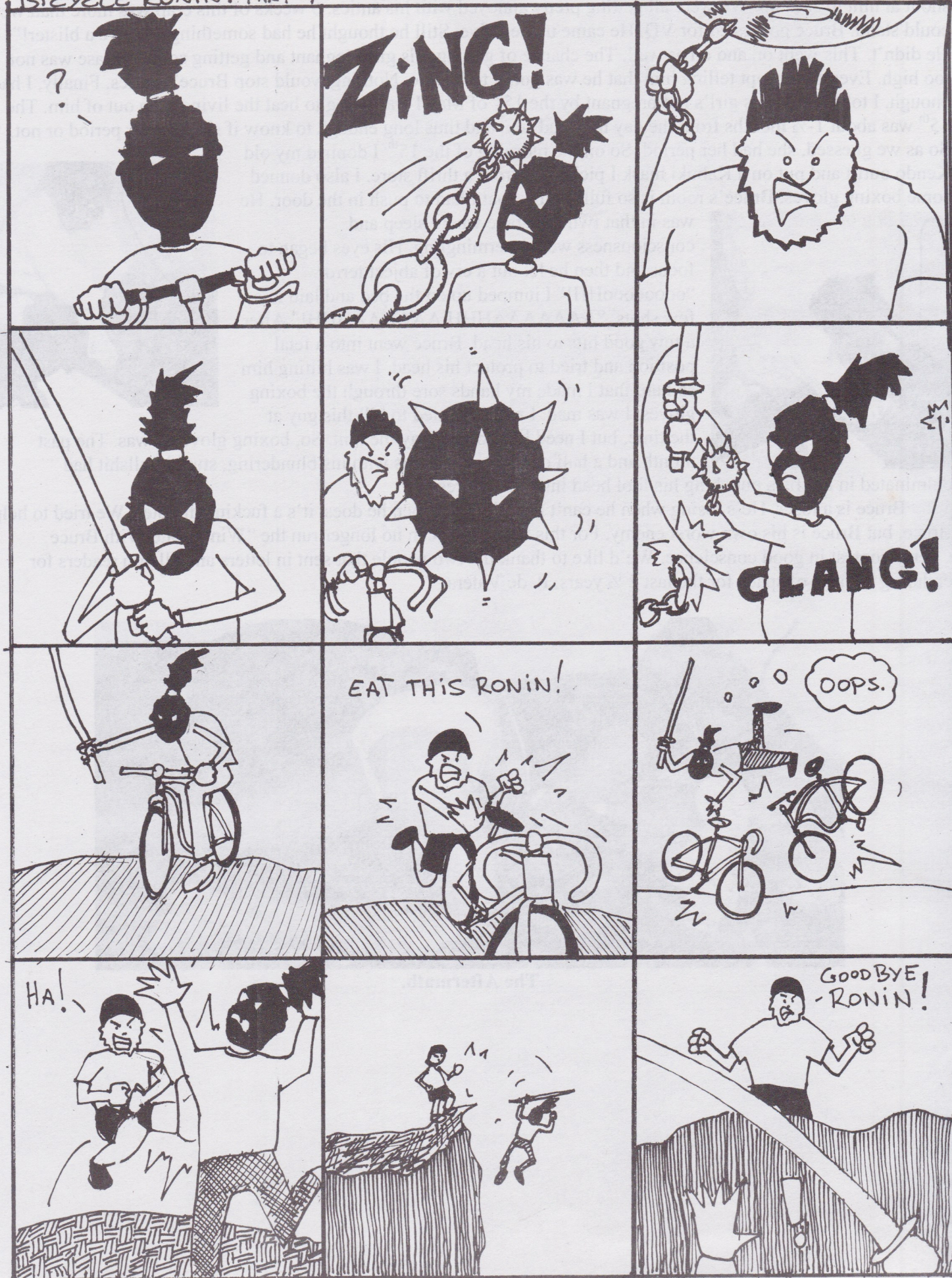
culminated in my fists punching his fool head into his mattress.

Bruce is a loser. He's losing when he can't get laid, and when he does, it's a fucking disaster. We tried to help Bruce, but Bruce is his own worst enemy. For this reason, we can no longer run the "Win a Date With Bruce Cheng" contest in good conscience. We'd like to thank the two people that sent in letters and all you readers for enduring a waste of space for the last 2 ½ years. P. de Valera



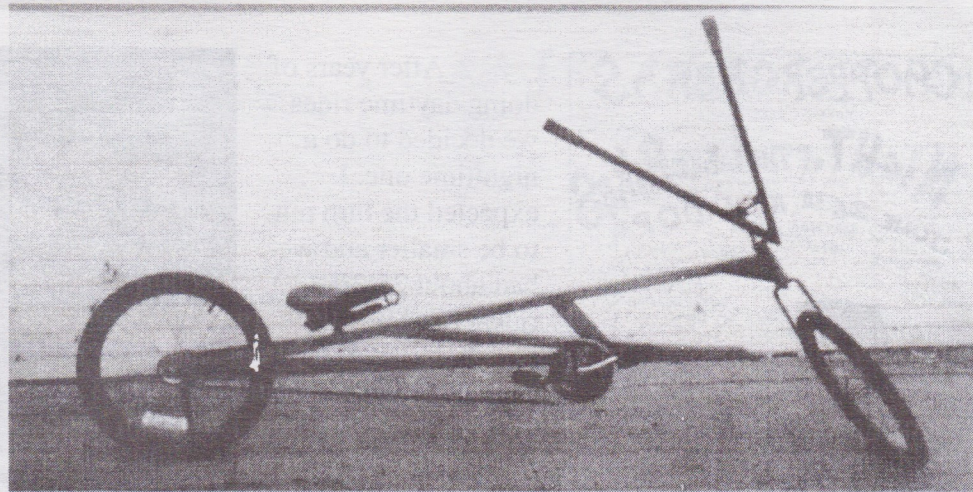
The Aftermath.

BICYCLE RONIN: PART 4

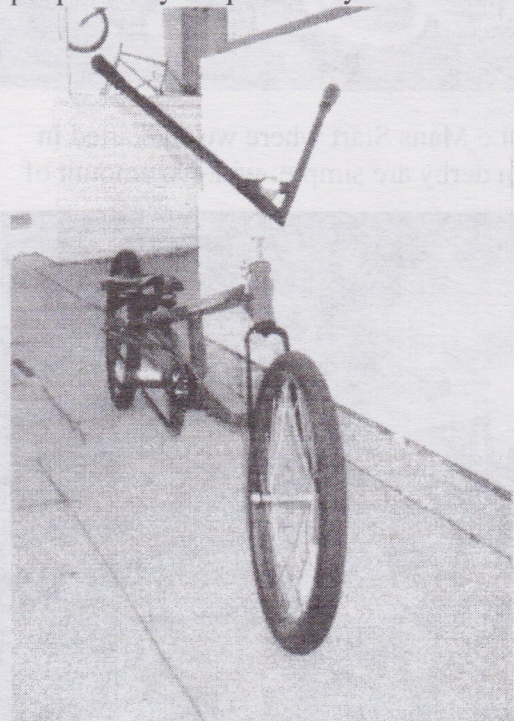




This bike was not one of my designs. Some guy heard about our little bike customizing operation and wanted me to build him this bike. I don't like building made to order bikes for people. They nit-pick every last detail and often will ask you to make changes; it's not a pencil drawing, it's



steel. Steel takes a bit of work to modify, so a small adjustment in the frame could be a major hassle. Also, many times people will ask you to build something and then say it's not what they wanted. I had talked with this guy and had figured him not to one of the above types. I was wrong. He said he wanted it not bigger than 10 inches tall, and when he saw it, he said it was too narrow, and the bike was 10 1/2 inches tall. Now, I won't even look at a drawing without 100 bucks in my hand. Anyway, I finished the bike, and as you can see, it's not your run-of-the-mill chopper or stretched cruiser. This thing is low. So low in fact, you don't really need brakes, but I like brakes. The frame has the appearance of being really stretched out, but the elongated V shaped bars make it a comfortable ride. The frame is made from a 20-foot stick of 1 x 2 rectangular tubing. The only parts not made from scratch are the bottom bracket, head tube, fork, and the bottom half of the stays. Cutting these angles with a Sawsall was not easy, and there was a lot of grinding and re-welding to be done to get the shape just right. The seat is a recovered saddle seat circa 1960. It's very comfy. The rims are from a girls' bike. Girls' bikes are great for painted rims and tend to be in good shape, as the girls' don't attempt to destroy their bikes. The tires are standard repop slicks from the lowrider collection stuff. The first run



with this bike was a six-mile jaunt; it held up nicely. I called it the flying V because of the hard angles and the V shaped bars, plus it's metal, and metal rules dude! Keep choppin', P. de Valera



Hate Him.

Chicken-Head Records

PO Box 371147

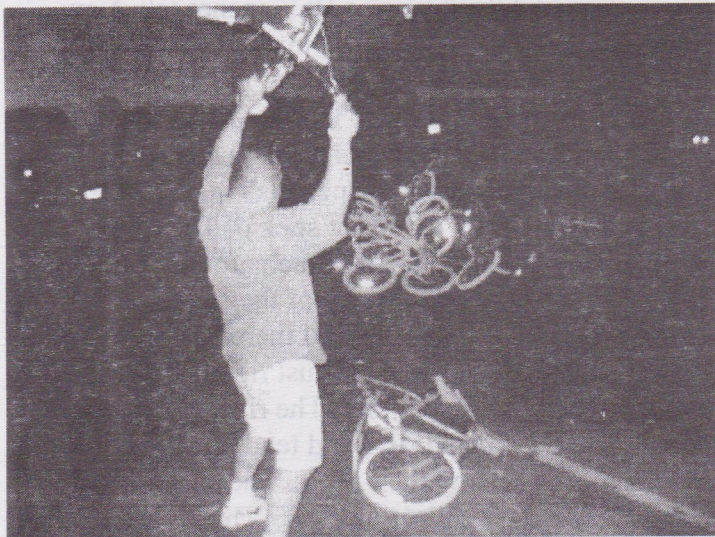
Reseda, CA 91337

www.chickenheadrecords.com



After years of doing daytime rides we decided to do a nighttime one. I expected the turn out to be smaller and we had about 25-30 riders out for this one. We met at Nathan's Tattoo and he was nice enough to provide us with some burgers and a place to do the demolition derby. We

had some trouble filling all the derby bikes as some people we too scared to ride in such an event. We can't all have spines now can we. We had about 10 demolition derby riders and did a Le Mans Start where we all started in the center and then ran to our bikes. The Rules for the Choppercabras demolition derby are simple: win. No amount of



dirty pool or rough housing was deemed unfair so people got creative when it came to destroying each other's bikes. There was chaos in the start and as the twisted bikes and skinned shins started to pile up there were four riders left in the final showdown. In the end Germ and Leo succumbed to fatigue and it finished when Hector flew over his

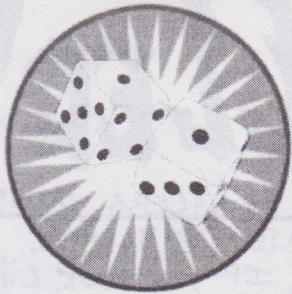


handlebars with Twisted Ed moving in for the kill.

Next we rode out to the street to hit a few bars. One of our group was on a fixed gear road bike and was crossing the road, he failed to realize that there was a cement island in the road and promptly went over his handle bars. Being only one of two people that had a helmet (we're not too big on safety here) he got off easy with a bent fork, handlebars, rim, and a tore up shoulder. The helmet saved his noggin, so we kept rolling to the Candy Canyon, a bar that time forgot. With acid wash jeans and bad dye jobs abound, we rode around and terrorized the local mall parking lot. After doing a few loops we headed to the Cobalt Café and joined the local punk scene with some righteous bicycle slam pit. We ended the ride at our favorite spot in the valley: Scotland Yard for bad 80's music and refreshments. See you at the next one!



The Game Geek



This issue, I'm not going to talk about games or game theory. I'm going to talk about someone that I had gamed with for several years. His name was Rob Sandler. Rob was a geek among geeks. The other geeks would torture him as they had been tortured by "normal people." You see, even geeks will eat their own; it's in their nature. Rob looked like a cross between John Lennon in the hippie era and Dr. Who. He wore some of the trappings that geeks wore at the time in the early 90's: fedora hats, long trench coats, scarves, corny jewelry, etc. He had longish hair and little John Lennon glasses, not to mention, as a geek, he was not the best looking guy you'd ever seen, but hey we're geeks, we took all comers. Rob spoke with a voice like some cartoon character with nasal polyps. This guy looked quality, but his actions were even more quality.

We used to play this board game called Junta, where you'd try and start a banana dictatorship.

Cheating was allowed and encouraged in the rules. It was a fun game. The rest of us all went

outside for a bit, except for Rob. He told us he'd be right out. We all knew he was going to cheat; this was typical of Rob; he didn't think things through too much. So we all sneaked over to his window, and there he was looking at everybody's hands. After we'd seen enough, we knocked on the window, and then went back inside. Rob was full of explanations as usual but to no avail: we beat his ass. Rob tried to be clever; he just couldn't seem to get his shit together. One time, he went into the bathroom for a really long time. We being geeks naturally thought he was jerking off. When he finally came out, we kept grilling him: "What were you doing in there so long?" "Nothing!" he'd say. After a while of our teasing, he finally caved in. "I was combing my butt hairs!" he blurted out. His butt hairs? Only Rob. After a long gaming session, Rob would fall asleep with his hand down his pants. It was a bit unsettling to see this at times, but it was good for a laugh. For several years on Fridays, we'd go down to this park where they had a Wild West style fort. We'd have mock axes, swords, maces, etc. as well as shinai, the bamboo kendo sword. We'd split up into teams and beat the crap out of each other. Rob decided to make a goofy bondage mask out of duct tape and wear it to the fort. In its heyday, there were around 60 of us that would show up to these things. One side would defend the fort, and the other would attack it. The winner was the team that won the best of three sets. We'd kill off the other team, and then we'd pick new teams. Rob was not the best of fighters. He would get picked toward the end of the picking. There were several positions in the fort and one was the hole. The hole was a hole that led out to a landing, and it had a catwalk above it. If you did not have someone in the hole, your opponents could rush through and attack the front gate defenders from the rear. Most people did not like the hole because it was a low action spot. It could be easily defended by weaker fighters, so Rob was put there on this particular occasion. Now, out of the group of fighters, I was usually in the top ten picked, not to toot my own horn or anything, but I was a good fighter and most people knew that, especially Rob. So Rob was in the hole with his duct taped bondage mask, and I was out on the landing. I started yelling, "I'm gonna' kill you Rob!" Keep in mind that these weapons were made of pvc pipe with foam on the outside; they could hurt a bit, but not too long. After a few heckles from me, Rob started backing up. He backed out of the hole and before the defenders at the front gate knew what was going on, Rob was at the center of the fort. Once he got there, I ran in with a couple other guys from my team and we decimated them. When they asked what happened, Rob replied, "Paul scares me." After this, I could usually get him to drop his weapons if I yelled at him. Only Rob would be afraid of a foam sword.

Being geeks, we would game. Rob not only had trouble managing in real life, but his decisions during the course of a game could be downright stupid at times. Luckily, it was only a game. One of my gaming buddies would run these games where you played yourself but with super powers. Instead of being Batman or something like that, you'd be yourself but with whatever abilities you got. I was not a big fan of these games, but I needed my fix. So, Rob had powers like Cyclops from the X-Men. He could shoot energy from his hands and fly or some shit. So what does he do? Does he right wrongs, or go kill cops? No. Rob goes to the nearest adult bookstore & novelty shop and blurts out, "Give me all your pornography!" And then he proceeded to blow a hole in the wall. We beat him up (in the game this time). Another time, Rob had a character that had a bag of tricks like Felix the Cat. Rob's bag was very weak, so he couldn't do much with it, and he had a 50/50 chance of something very bad and very powerful going wrong with it every time he used it. This was in a system called Champions. Champions is a point-based system. Rob's bag was worth 5 points worth of whatever he wanted. It was like a weak version of Felix the Cat's bag. 5 points is equivalent to a punch from a child or a senior citizen, not much. The side effect was, if things went wrong they were worth 60 points. That's like a howitzer. I don't remember the reason, but Rob's character was falling from a great height. So, he tried to pull an umbrella out of his bag. He needed to roll an 8 or less on three 6 sided dice. He didn't. Instead he pulled out an umbrella with an anvil on the end. So, he's still falling, and he tried to pull out a trampoline. He rolled and he failed. This time he got a trampoline with no skin. He ran out of time and ideas and he took a lot of damage and nearly died. After he recovered, later in the same game, we encountered a huge demon. Rob tried to use a power called dispel. Dispel makes things go back to where they came from or makes them not work anymore. In order for it to work, you have to use double the total points of the thing you want to dispel. Rob had a whopping 5 points of dispel. This demon was like 500 points or something. It was like peeing on a bonfire. He tried to dispel the demon. This made the demon aware of his presence. The demon then ate Rob's character. Only Rob.

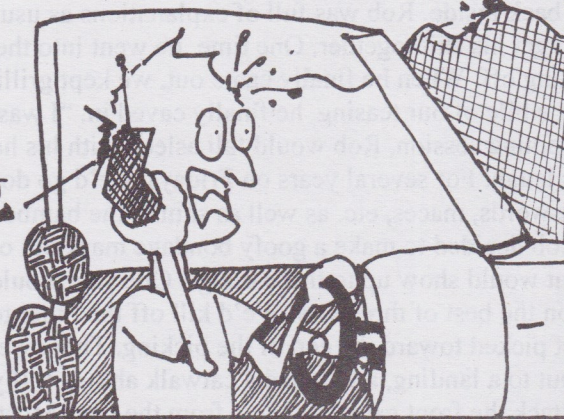
You Should Be Killed!

ANOTHER MISANTHROPIC COMIC STRIP BY PAUL de VALERA 2009

PEOPLE THAT DRIVE AROUND HOLDING A CELL PHONE TO THEIR HEAD, TALKING TO NO ONE. WHY DO YOU CARE WHAT STRANGERS THINK? I CARE, I CARE THAT YOU DIE.

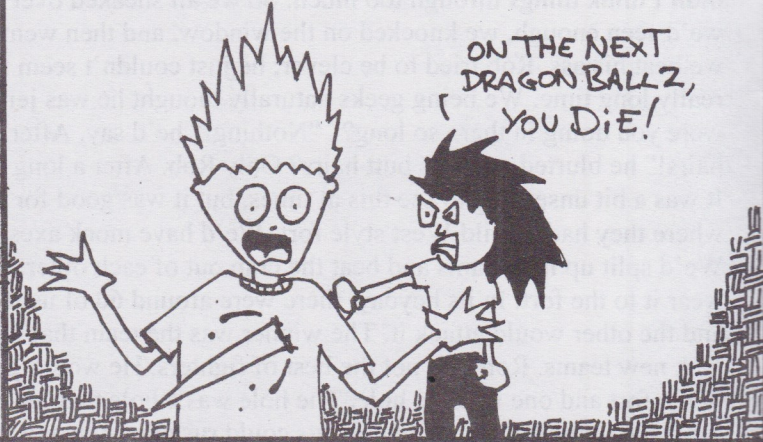
NOT SO MAGIC BULLET

Pow!



ANYONE WITH A DRAGON-BALL Z HAIR DO. THAT CARTOON SUCKS ASS, IF YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THOSE RETARDS THEN YOU SHOULD DIE.

ON THE NEXT DRAGON BALL Z, YOU DIE!

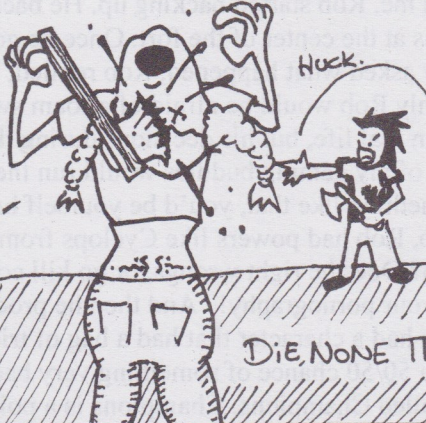


GIRLS WITH THE TATTOO ON THEIR ASSES. THEY DON'T MAKE YOU A REBEL, THEY MAKE YOU A COW. IT JUST MEANS YOU'RE INTO MAKING BAD CHOICES, SO YOU MAY DATE THE B.

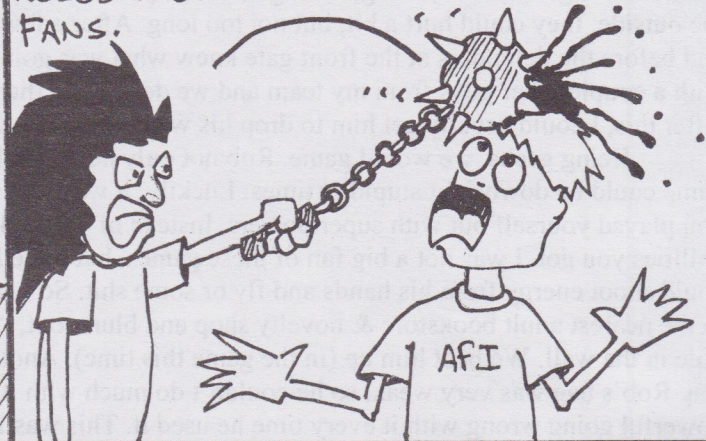
WAK!

Huck.

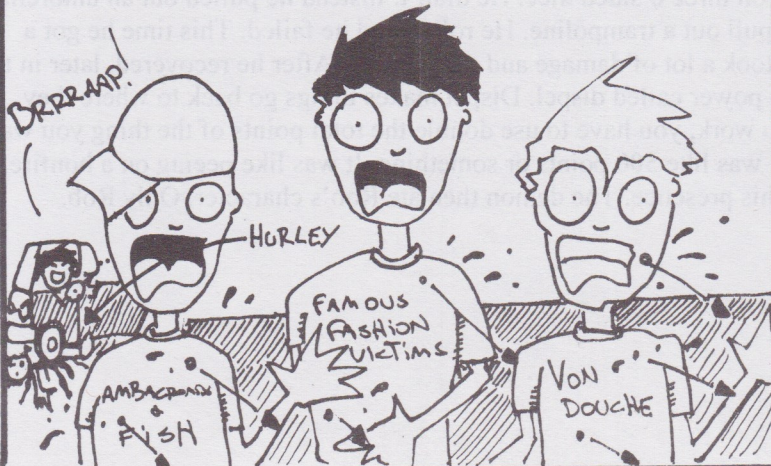
DIE, NONE THE LESS



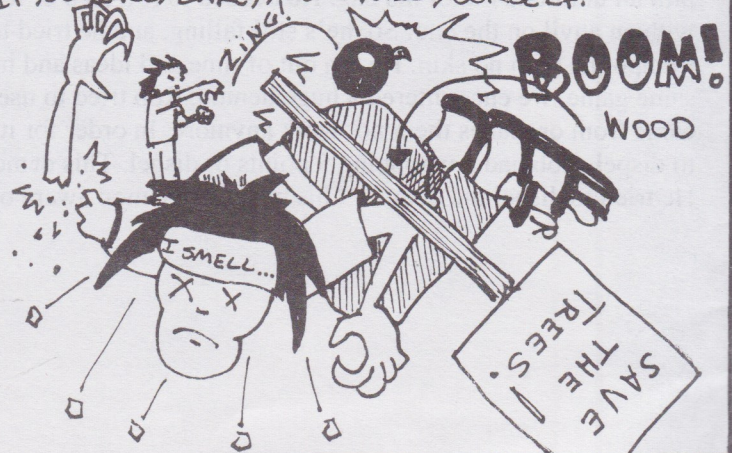
IF YOU'VE EVER LIKED THE BAND AFI, EVEN FOR ONE MINUTE. YOU ONLY DID IT BECAUSE YOUR FRIENDS SAID IT WAS COOL. THAT BAND NEEDS TO DIE AND SO DO THEIR MORONIC FANS.



IF YOU WEAR ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING SHIRTS: HURLEY, FAMOUS STARS & STRIPES, VON DUTCH, AND AMBACROMBIE & FINCH. GO DIE.



ENVIRONMENTALISTS: WHERE'S THE PROOF YOU RETARDS? MOST OF YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PROTESTING. EXCESS POPULATION IS THE KEY. IF YOU REALLY CARE, YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF.



Old Northridge Community Council
Naked News Letter #26

Greetings Neighbors and Friends;

The second half of this year's meetings are scheduled for the second Sunday of each month, at 3 o'clock, beginning in July. In October and November it will be held every week in preparation for Art Block on 4th and 5th. Our Meetings are held at Das Bauhaus, 8819 Etiwanda Ave, (south of Rayen St.) All of our meetings are conducted while standing around a great round table, so if you need a chair then bring your own. We are not a complaint group, we don't like whining. We are looking for answers and solutions to our street problems. We are looking for new ideas and way in which to get them done. One of our simplest and most straightforward solutions to our community problems is to go out and clean your street. Pick up a broom and sweep up the trash around your block. We must all take some responsibility for picking up trash thrown out by others. If you think that a few thrash cans will help, we will get them to you with bags, if you monitor them.

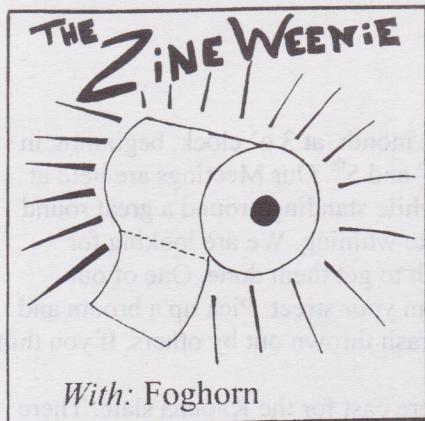
The elections we had were the most successful that the city has seen. 1,385 votes were cast for the Kapuna slate. There was some controversy about cats not being allowed to vote by one cranky old lady who is not even around from here. It mad the city analyze whether we had somehow discriminated against cats, and although most of us don't trust cats, we see her point and have decided to allow both dogs and cats to vote next time around. We think it is a dangerous mix, but if the city insists, we will.

If this is your first time reading this letter then let me brief you on some dynamics of our Kapuna Structure. We have based our system on the Hawaiian concept of the Kapuna. What is a Kapuna? A Kapuna is a person who is a natural street leader, someone on your block that you might seek help or advice from. A person that can be seen picking up litter from the street, cleaning the sidewalks, and doing acts of kindness out of concern for others. In other words, a decent citizen. If you have these qualities, or know someone who has, come visit one of our meetings.

Over the last year or so I have come in close contact with all of the LA city government and would like to share with you some of my observations: By and large, the good ideas that happen are poorly executed. On the other hand, there are examples of some great work being done in other departments, like Bill Robertson, director of Public Works and the Bureau of Street Services. I like him because he surfs. There is no one I would rather have leading this department than an environmentalist, a man who swims at our own beaches. The Chief Financial Officer for LA, Bill Fujioka, is a local hero. His department has dealt with the financial crisis that has beset our city head-on. I have heard him talk many times about the tough decisions he forces the city council to take up in plain and clear language. There have been lots of positive changes in our city council over the last year. All of our city council members work hard to eliminate waste and genuinely reach out for new ideas, but none have taken action better than our own council member Greg Smith. We are so lucky to have him in office at this time. He provides great leadership within the council and out here in the 12th district. I think the most impressive piece of work has accomplished in his first year was putting together the finances to build the new Northridge Park pool. Mr. Smith has spearheaded so many actions on improving the quality of life us in Northridge that I cannot list all of them. Please visit his website if you can. Mr. Smith and his staff, re-energized under Mitch Englander, chief of staff, should be publicly applauded for their great work. I urge you to visit the field office on Nordhoff and lend a hand if you can. That's what being a good neighbor is all about.

The last part of this letter is coming from me personally and is not part of any council business. I was born and raised in this community and over my lifetime I have witnessed the changes leading to where we are now. Things have certainly changed. As I walk though out neighborhoods delivering this letter, I cannot help but see the evidence and consequences of drug and alcohol abuse. On TV, in our homes, and with our families we see and feel the torture associated with alcohol and drug abuse and its relationship to crime. Did you know that 90% of the crimes committed around us are drug and alcohol related? Our national policies to combat this problem has been "lock-em-up" or invade a country to stop the supply. This plan is not working at all. Its not the supply problem, it's the demand problem, and it's all around us. There is not one person reading this letter that has not affected in some way by this, be it a family member, friend, or co-worker touched by this disease. Over these last ten years I have certainly changed my mind about the way in which to handle the problem. So I propose to you my neighbors, come together and discuss the issues. I personally advocate the legalization of all drugs. I propose that we turn this into a medical problem, not a criminal one. I am tired of seeing broken homes and families because a parent or child is dead or in jail. I am tired if invading other countries in the name of the "drug war" and doing nothing to address the psychological reasons why people need drugs to get through the day. I invite you to a round table discussion at my home, Das Bauhaus 8819 Etiwanda for a five week series of discussions in August to build a consensus on a solution to out drug and alcohol abuse problems. I hope we can have a civilized talk about this with a few interested people in a pleasant surrounding. There will be local experts on these matters (police, politicians, doctors, & addicts) in attendance. You are invited to Das Bauhaus at 3 o'clock each Sunday in August, lets see what happens.

Don Larsen (818) 349-4370



Head Junk Issue #30, Jan-April 2004, Free, LetItAllCollapse@yahoo.com,
NationUnderAbomb@yahoo.com, MakeWorkSleepDie@yahoo.com

This has got to be one of the dumbest zines ever! On the cover it states Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll with the word sex crossed out. So you would figure that leaves us drugs and rock & roll, right? Well, I got news for you folks. You get a grand total of two band interviews (Mika Miko & Collapse), six drug rants and a few other pages of useless shit. What is a drug rant, you ask? Well, a drug rant is a story by one of the three writers and what happened when they did drugs. Now I wouldn't mind one story or two about a situation they got themselves in but this whole zine (minus a few pages) is about drugs and drinking and their stories are nothing new. Anyone who has done drugs has stories but nobody really cares. I certainly don't give a fuck. Plus, some stories are so sloppily written and the grammar so horrible that I had trouble just reading it. So, in closing, if you want to read a zine that was written by high schoolers that includes a bunch of dumb stories about drugs, then this is for you. But if you are looking for a zine that is at least

semi-intelligent, I wouldn't waste you time with this... Foghorn

The Art & Science of Billboard Improvement by Billboard Liberation Front & Friends (no address or contact information given)

First off, this is more of a pamphlet than a zine. This was originally published in Processed World magazine and they were responsible for making this pamphlet possible. With that being said, then they are responsible for wasting my fucking time and could be responsible for ignorant people running around and destroying my neighborhood. This entire pamphlet is about finding the right billboard (or wall) to spray paint on and vandalize. They even go as far to state and I quote "We believe roadside advertising enhancement is a pastime more individuals should engage in. The more real messages we have on the freeways and streets, the better!" What the fuck are they thinking? When I drive around beautiful downtown Reseda (how's that for sarcasm) and see fucked up gang writing and graffiti littering up my community, it makes me angry. Nobody has the right to destroy or vandalize someone else's property. People spend good, hard-earned money to make their homes and businesses pleasant on the eye and these fucks believe they have the right to fuck their shit up. I just have this to say: Just because I have a big cock in my pants, does that give me the right to walk up to any woman and whip it out and say suck this? No it doesn't, and nobody has the right to destroy someone else's property either... Foghorn

Los Angelistic Life, Poetry, Art, Review, Ranting Issue #4, Free, www.dyer-maker540@netscape.net

If Head Junk is the dumbest zine ever, then this has to be the stupidest one ever! This is four sheets of standard size paper (8-1/2"x11") with three staples along the left edge. And not only that there is only printing on one side of the page, take that, coupled with the fact they litter their pages with poetry, a couple dumb articles and a page of definitions, you have the contents for this entire "zine" and I use the word "zine" lightly here. This is pure unadulterated crap, plain and simple. Now I can understand why this is free because it's not even worth a nickel, let alone the paper it's printed on. I have a piece of advice for the fools that write this "zine", give it up guys (or girls). If you want to do a zine, fine, do a zine, but trying to pass this off as one is like trying to pass off a hotdog bun as a steak... Foghorn

FireStartFire Premier Issue, April/May/June 2003, www.firestartfire.com (no price given)

This zine had the potential to be really good but unfortunately for them, it's not. This zine has a good, professional feel to it with a glossy front and back cover, professional layout and good organization, but the contents for the most part are worthless. There are four main sections to this zine, Entertainment, Sports, Community Voice and Collective Expression with a couple minor sections as filler. The problem is the Entertainment section has no bands of value in it and the Collective Expression section has nothing of collective value for me. What actually saves this zine from being a total waste of paper is the Sports section which feature articles on skaters and a motocross rider and the Community Voice section that features an article on when "To Play or Not to Play". This article gives good points and counterpoints on why your band would or would not want to play certain gigs. Although I have some personal difference of opinions on some items they discuss, it is still actually good advice for the most part. All in all, this is not a great zine, but if you are visiting a doctor or dentist soon, this could provide better reading than you might find at their office... Foghorn

Fran Magazine, March/April 2004 Issue, Free, 511 N. Kenmore Ave., Suite 103, Los Angeles, CA 90004,
www.franmagazine.com

This has got to be the most diverse and complete magazine I have ever reviewed that was free. This is sixty pages long, professionally printed on standard size paper and has articles on numerous topics. Basically, once you get past the crappy name (what kind of name is Fran anyway), there is something for everyone in here. There are pages ranging from the typical (music reviews, current news, Southland reviews, and LA raves) to articles on the unusual (correspondence section, the dander zone, Kevin Smith's obsession with Bennifer aka Ben Affleck, etc.). It's got humor, intellect and some things actually important to discuss. The most classic thing is the "Find the Clit" challenge. There apparently is a clit hidden in the magazine and if you find it, you get a free "Sensitive as Fuck" t-shirt. Fortunately for me, I couldn't find the clit, because if I did, I would never wear the free t-shirt. Now only if Bruce Cheng could find the clit, the world would be a much better place (well, at least our world would be anyway). And speaking of Bruce, there is a pretty damn good-looking girl named Claudia in the "Excuse to Mingle" personals section. If I were Bruce, I'd hit her up soon because I would be surprised if she were single for long... Foghorn



Obscene Gesture – Living Profanity - Hoodcore Records – 390 Hargrave Inglewood, CA 90302

Damn, I haven't heard Obscene Gesture since their last lineup change, and I must say this is the fucking most kick ass Obscene Gesture I've ever heard. With the very talented Handz On behind the kit, Carcass noodling with the cum-rusted bass strings, and original guitarist/vocalist Guy, these 5 songs really rip. Straightforward fast energetic hardcore tunes that cut through any bullshit are my type of fucking music. Good fucking work you guys—Hardcore Hef

Kenneth Keith Kallenbach - 4 Song Demo CD – www.kennethkeith.com

Ok, I guess this guy got his 15 minutes through getting on the Howard Stern Show, but I'm not reviewing his resume... I'm reviewing this here CD that dude sent in... and it sucks. The End—Hef Hef Heffenbach

Society High - The Therapy E.P.

Here's your typical early Blink 182/street punk style band... but in this case, they pull it off pretty well to where I really didn't mind listening to it at all. They mix in a little bit of mid-tempo NOFX on the Therapy track with some simple Descendants to create these 5 ear-friendly songs. I don't know when this was recorded, but I give

these guys props for sticking to the punk rock basics instead of trying to latch on to the saggy and dried-up udders of today's horrible hardcore/emo/screamo/cut your hair you fucking dumbshit music. Keep rocking—Just Hef

Bayside – Sirens and Condolences Victory Records 346 N. Justine St. Suite 504 Chicago, IL

This is getting ridiculous. Do kids really like this music? Is it really worth their parent's hard-earned money? Do these fucking kids enjoy this kind of meaningless, nauseating nonsense today like I enjoyed the 80's back then? I feel like I am now that stupid old man not able to understand why kids listen to a certain type of music. Okay fine, go ahead. Listen to this chalkboard scratch of a band, and if you enjoy it, that's fucking great. I think I'll throw away the inserts and use the jewel case to hold another CD, and then Bayside might have a purpose in this world—Hefside

The Lil' Fighters – Freedom School

Okay, I could say the vocals and lyrics need work, but judging from the music and packaging, you guys probably don't even give a shit. You just fucking play to play.. and for that you are more punk than most bands who call themselves punk—Lil' Hef

Various Artists - The Aggravated Music BBQ Sampler Aggravated Music, PO Box 10699, Glendale, CA 91203

Here we find a collection of good, medio-core, and just plain horrible bands. Good ones included Walk The Line, Hope, Outtareach, Roscoe, Ids, Union 13, and The Mc Faddens. Horrible bands included Running Late, Veeda, Sloppy Titty Freaks, Arthur and Audrey, Fingers-Cut, and the band that just really needs to die most... Limitpoint. For a comp, I have to say that it's pretty good... but I don't think that Limitpoint counts as aggravated music... unless they're aggravated that they suck so much—Aggravated Hef

Madcap – Under Suspicion Victory Records 346 N. Justine St. Suite 504 Chicago, IL

Despite seeing the name here and there, I've never heard their music... and I consider myself lucky until now. The end—Mad Hef

Rekant 2 song demo rekantbooking@aol.com

Listening to this band was like having the guys from Blink 182 and the Get up Kids do a circle jerk on a cracker and then being forced to eat it while watching reruns of Knots Landing. These guys need to practice; these guys need to come up with their own stuff instead of doing retreads of bad music. This band smells. If you've read one single issue of our zine you'd know that this whinny crap has a snowballs chance in hell of getting a good review. The only redeeming factors was it was only two songs long and there was no picture of the band, so I couldn't make fun of them wearing t-shirts with the words "Hurley" or "Famous Stars and Stripes" on them. How doeth a band sucketh so? It be a mystery. This CD should be used to replace the o-ring in the space shuttle. Ok, enough. If you see this band make them die. P. de Valera

Face Down In Shit: Shit Bloody Shit Crimes Against humanity Records PO Box 1421 Eau Claire, WI 54702-1421

As you may have guessed by the album title, this bad is oozing over with the Black Sabbath influences. We're talking the good Sabbath here, before they got all Ronnie James Dio and shit. The sound is like the deformed child of Black Sabbath and The Locust. The songs go from slow and dirgey to frantic with some blast beats here and there. The vocals stay in the strangled cat stage throughout the mix. If you're into heavy stuff that is not cut from the same cloth, then check out Face Down in Shit, they may be your next favorite band. P. de Valera

Face Down In Shit: Passing Times Exutoire Records PB 33031 Bordeaux Cedex France

This is this bands second release. It seems a little more on the mellow side, but that's like comparing Hitler and Stalin. If you like the above review and want to hear more from this fine band, I'd say check this out. P de Valera

The Needles: Fun, Fun, Fun www.moonrockneedles.com

Rock, Rock, Rock. This band is a rock band, and as you may have guessed, they do rock. Fans of bands like AC/DC, The Humpers, The Ramones, and others of their ilk will like them. While I'd say this band does not blaze any new trails, they trod well and belt out 11 tracks of punk rock n' roll. Give them a listen. P. de Valera

Stress: "Not the Weed" Demo c/o Ronald Kuka PO Box 370165 Reseda, CA 91337 rkuka@yahoo.com

From the ashes of Obscene Gesture comes Stress. OG is still around (see above) this band has the bassist/vocalist and drummer from the aforementioned hardcore outfit playing what is best described as a crossover band. The metal really pours though on this 4-song demo; it certainly is catchy stuff here. The demo quality is still present here, but the sound is overall very good. I'd like to see what these guys will do in the future. If you're into bands like COC, DRI, SOD (funny how they all have the three letter thing going for them huh?), then I'd say send away for this release. I think they're looking for a guitar player too. P. de Valera

The Pamela Andersons: www.freewebs.com/thepamelaandersons

The Pamela Andersons are your everyday party rock band. Nothing impressive, sounding sloppy and drunk at times. However, they do their job. When I was listening to this CD, I did feel uncomfortable at times, but I still tried to listen to the rest for review's sake. This band would

be perfect for a movie soundtrack in the 80's. Lots of clothing issues, tons of hair mishaps, and beer cans with just the word beer on it. -
HANDZ

Diez Nuz: Demo CD contact # (888) 325-7374

This band is fuckin' awesome!!! I guess they're from the Bay Area, which is kind of weird cause the Bay Area is usually suck. But now that I think of it, everywhere is usually suck. So yeah, Diez Nuz is awesome thrashy/grind with a crust element thrown in upside down. Sounds like a few tracks are live or it could just be recorded at different times. All in all very DIY, very good check them out. Diez Nuz, play L.A. -HANDZ

The Hurt Process: Drive By Monologue CD Victory Records www.thehurtprocess.com, www.victoryrecords.com

I've never been so hurt in the process of being uncomfortable. I wish bands could be different, I guess sometimes they can't though. Maybe I'm dumb in the head or something. Well in the case of emo, it is only good for looking at hot chicks. I wish Victory Records would put out some different sounding bands. Victory bands always seem to have awesome artwork for their CD sleeves, but every band sounds the same. The Hurt Process fall into this category, awesome cover art but very generic. Yes, they play very well, and the recording quality is great, but do something different. Well I guess don't, you guys probably get a lot of hot chicks. Keep chicking-HANDZ

Durga: Earn Your Redwings Mormon 7" Transgalactic Ladder PO Box 104 Wilmington, CA, 90748 North America

Transgalactic Records, now that is a good DIY label. Always keeping the bands diverse and spreading music to every DIYers merch box at shows. Durga, this band is fun. Some of their tunes make me feel a little weird, perhaps even uncomfortable but in a good eerie way. I saw them in San Diego and they were wearing some of the tightest pants I've ever seen. Tight like, the dude could not even bend over to pick something up because his pants would break. Well I should say Durga jams though, changing up the vocals a little would help, but keep doing the things three maybe four times. You know thunder-tons of booty-HANDZ

Phobia: Get Up and Kill CD Deep Six PO Box 6911 Burbank, CA, 91510-6911 USA Phobia@lordmetal.com

Seventeen tracks of Phobia. The first eleven being new, the rest live. Great sounding recording. Drums brutal as fuck, and even a few more Gimme Cum licks. The new shit seems to jam like some older tunes, which is defiantly a good thing. Seeing Phobia the other night at Studio S in LA, and hearing their new drummer was also a good thing. "Get Up and Kill" is very heavy grind the way it should be. Keep it sharp. Drink your beer and grow your dreads-HANDZ

George Sarah: "16 song sampler 2004" www.georgesarah.com georgesarah@earthlink.net

Late night KROQ (KRAP) d.j.'s entertain young alcohol and drug induced teens sweating amongst themselves at the latest "underground" rave party. Pulsating beats on E jumping from one glow stick to another. This chick with balloon pants and a pacifier was stuck in another K hole, and another kid died on GHB, so I smoked... C-dub

The Red Lights: "Broken City"

I'm feeling molested, a suave and dark tone of voice taunts my every action. I can't quite understand. I feel if I went to a show, I would be visually stripped of all my manhood. Gimme grind. C-dub

The Loud Pipes: "LPEP" Recorded at the clubhouse 2004, info@theloudpipes.com www.theloudpipes.com

If you (1.) wear tight black pants(2.) have a pyramid belt(3.) wear a black leather and/or denim jacket(4.) smoke scenic 101's(5.) drink case after case of natty ice, then you would probably loves these guys. I personally do not. 5 songs of punk and roll sure to rock any stage they get on. Keep doing your thang, just don't do it around me. C-dub

Martyr AD: "on Earth as it is in Hell" Victory Records 346 N Justine Street, suite 504 Chicago, IL 60607 www.martyrad.com

I was more interested in the cover art rather than the c.d. itself. A corpse of some sort, interesting. Number four caught my attention, and my ear; I had to throw up the horns. Break and blasts, the best thing in the morning besides bongloads and blowjobs. Definite mosh music. Do the lawnmower or the blind driver, just don't hit me in the nipples, they are pierced. Double bass palpitating my heart, grrowl. C-dub

Bongzilla: "Apogee" Relapse records P.O. box 2060, Upper Darby, PA 19082

They call me C-dub for many reasons, but the most obvious is for my love of the ganja. Its my passion. Wake 'n bake. Do whatever has to be done through out the day, then smoke till I SLEEP. My pager is always on 420. Many all over the planet practice the same lifestyle. These metal gods of the north are true participators. One of my favorite bands for years now, I finally got to see them at the Knitting Factory. They had Apogee on Vinyl, but being a stoner meant I probably had no cash, but I did remember them saying they would barter merch for greens. My luck failed me again 'cause my sack was in the car, some bomb train wreck. Burned one on the way home and forgot about it, short term memory. It's like a year later now, and I get a call from the homie HANDZ. "yo,dude-bro, bongzilla has a fresh new jam," so I swooped on it, loaded the binger, snapped a load, felt my eyes drop and, enjoyed. C-dub

Odd Man Out: Off The Beaten Path omomusic@aol.com www.oddmanout.ws This band sounds like The Monkees gone Emo. It's truly terrible. The members of this band are all really young kids, but I'm going to judge them as adults due to the seriousness of their crimes. This c.d. had only 5 songs on it, but they were the 5 longest songs I've ever heard. Pain has a way of making seconds feel like hours. All I can say is that I hope through this review, I can appeal to a child killer's sense of duty and sadistic killing compulsion. Go forth you junior Gaseys out there, spill the blood of this band, but please don't wear their skin...it's beneath you-Serial Killer B

The Needles: Self-titled e.p. www.moonrockseedles.com (910) 233-2844 Really good punk rock ala the Damned. I thoroughly enjoyed this 3 song e.p., and I'm interested in hearing the other albums from which 2 of these songs derive. Good vocals and guitars, and solid bass and drums. All in all, as solid as the moonrock needle in Steve Martin's record player-Hypodermic B

Days Like These: Charity. Burns. Green/ Lobster Records P.O. Box 1473 Santa Barbara, CA 93102 www.lobsterrecords.com Wow another terrible release from Lobster Records. This band is partly gay with a chance of fag (thank you Dave Attell). They should change their name from Days Like These to Gays Like These. The title of this album Charity. Burns. Green makes no fuckin' sense. Why are there periods between these words? Is that a mistake? I know this album is. Charity would have been to burn the masters of this recording. As far as this band's music goes, it sounds just like every other formulaic band that wants to be on the 7th Heaven Soundtrack. This music is soulless and creatively void. Why are these types of bands so abundant? Who is buying this shit? Why does every band that Lobster Records sign sound alike? Are there really that many snowboarding videos in production that require this type of music? I'll leave it at this: I believe this band's record represents everything wrong with music today-B Like Me

The Space Pimps Demo CDR, Penncomm3@yahoo.com, Spacepimps@cs.com

OMG, this has got to be the greatest release ever! Three poppy punk songs in the vein of legendary bands like Blink 182, Pennywise and the Offspring. If only there were a million bands that sounded like this, I would be in heaven. These guys should be on the Warped Tour! Oh wait a second, there are a million bands that sound like this. So, what I am saying, you ask? To be blunt, these guys not only suck, they fucking suck cock juice while being porked in the ass. How's that for a description??? Foghorn

Kylesa - No Ending/A 100 Degree Heat Index CD EP, Prank Records, P.O. Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, U.S.A., www.prankrecords.com

One plus one equals thirty-seven? If you can comprehend that statement, then you can understand what this band sounds like. This is what has become termed "math-metal". This features four songs with odd timing changes, powerful drum beats, heavy guitars and surprisingly good vocals but has no real sense of direction. However, I must admit, the more I listen to this, the more I like it. This is a must for fans of Dillinger Escape Plan and Walken. Also, this CD contains a video as well. Good stuff... Foghorn

Skitsystem - Gra Varld / Svarta Tankar CD, Havoc Records, P.O. Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, U.S.A., www.havocrex.com

Here we have good Swedish hardcore. No, this isn't the Swedish version of Hatebreed or Slipknot; this is old school hardcore the way it used sound like in the 1980's. Back then, there were a lot of bands from Sweden that sounded like this (Shitlickers, Mob 47, Sound of Disaster, Asocial, etc.) but now they are few and far between. Anyway, this release has fourteen unrelenting tracks that are fast, aggressive and angry as fuck. If you like your punk like Discharge, this is for you... Foghorn

Industrial Collapse - Mince Core Demo 2004, www.industrialcollapse.tk, deathgrind@sbcglobal.net

If I tell you that I had to read the liner notes to decipher the name of this band, could you tell me what kind of music this is? I'll give you a hint, the vocals start with grrrrrr and end with grrrrrr with a bunch of non-sensical blast beats and guitar riffs in between. This is death grind of the worst kind. It's sloppier than Joe's and messier than ribs. If you like Cookie-Monster vocals and blast beats galore, this is for you. For me, this is just another pile of Scooby's Doo... Foghorn

WELCOME BACK TO JR. HIGH

HEY, ARE YOU A FAG
IN A CAGE?

UH... NO.

FAG ON THE LOOSE!
FAG ON THE LOOSE!

YOU CAN'T WIN... PFD 01

WHY DID THE MONKEY

BECAUSE HE WAS
DEAD.

FALL FROM THE TREE?



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